That the great Body of our State may go
In equall ranke, with the best gouern'd Nation,
That Warre, or Peace, or both at once may be
As things acquainted and familiar to vs,
In which you (Father) shall haue formost hand.
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remembred) all our State,
And heauen (consigning to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peere, shall haue iust cause to say,
Heauen shorten *Harries* happy life, one day. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Silence, Bardolfe, Page, and Pistoll.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine Orchard: where, in an Arbor we will eate a last yeares Pippin of my owne graffing, with a dish of Carrawayes, and so forth. (Come Cosin *Silence*, and then to bed.

Fal. You haue heere a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: Beggers all, beggers all Sir *Iohn*: Marry, good ayre. Spread *Dauy*, spread *Dauie*: Well said *Dauie*.

Falst. This *Dauie* serues you for good vses: he is your Seruingman, and your Husband.

Shal. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Varlet, Sir *Iohn*: I haue drunke too much Sacke at Supper. A good Varlet. Now sit downe, now sit downe: Come Cosin.

Sil. Ah sirra (quoth-a) we shall doe nothing but eate, and make good cheere, and praise heauen for the merrie yeere: when flesh is cheape, and Females deere, and lustie Lads rome heere, and there: so merrily, and euer among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good M. *Silence*, Ile giue you a health for that anon.

Shal. Good M. *Bardolfe*: some wine, *Dauie*.

Da. Sweet sir, sit: Ile be with you anon: most sweete sir, sit. Master Page, good M. Page, sit: Proface. What you want in meate, wee'l haue in drinke: but you beare, the heart's all.

Shal. Be merry M. *Bardolfe*, and my little Souldiour there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all;
For women are Shrewes, both short, and tall:
'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge all;
And welcome merry Shrouetide. Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not thinke M. *Silence* had bin a man of this Mettle.

Sil. Who I? I haue beene merry twice and once, ere now.

Dauy. There is a dish of Lether-coats for you.

Shal. *Dauie*.

Dau. Your Worship: Ile be with you straight. A cup of Wine, sir?

Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's briske and fine, & drinke vnto the Leman mine: and a merry heart liues long-a.

Fal. Well said, M. *Silence*.

Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweete of the night.

Fal. Health, and long life to you, M. *Silence*.

Sil. Fill the Cuppe, and let it come. Ile pledge you a mile to the bottome.

Shal. Honest *Bardolfe*, welcome: If thou want'st any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome my little tyne theefe, and welcome indeed too: Ile drinke to M. *Bardolfe*, and to all the Cauileroes about London.

Dau. I hope to see London, once ere I die.

Bar. If I might see you there, *Dauie*.

Shal. You'l cracke a quart together? Ha, will you not M. *Bardolfe*?

Bar. Yes Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thanke thee: the knaue will sticke by thee, I can assure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Bar. And Ile sticke by him, sir.

Shal. Why there spoke a King: lack nothing, be merry. Looke, who's at doore there, ho: who knockes?

Fal Why now you haue done me right.

Sil. Do me right, and dub me Knight, *Samingo*. Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why then say an old man can do somwhat.

Dau. If it please your Worshippe, there's one *Pistoll* come from the Court with newes.

Fal. From the Court? Let him come in.

Enter Pistoll.

How now Pistoll?

Pist. Sir *Iohn*, 'saue you sir.

Fal. What winde blew you hither, Pistoll?

Pist. Not the ill winde which blowes none to good, sweet Knight: Thou art now one of the greatest men in the Realme.

Sil. Indeed, I thinke he bee, but Goodman *Puffe* of Barson.

Pist. Puffe? puffe in thy teeth, most recreant Coward base. Sir *Iohn*, I am thy Pistoll, and thy Friend: helter skelter haue I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and luckie ioyes, and golden Times, and happie Newes of price.

Fal. I prethee now deliuer them, like a man of this World.

Pist. A footra for the World, and Worldlings base,
I speake of Affrica, and Golden ioyes.

Fal. O base Assyrian Knight, what is thy newes?
Let King *Couitha* know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and Iohn.

Pist. Shall dunghill Curres confront the *Hellicons*?
And shall good newes be baffel'd?
Then Pistoll lay thy head in Furies lappe.

Shal. Honest Gentleman,
I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then Lament therefore.

Shal. Giue me pardon, Sir.
If sir, you come with news from the Court, I take it, there is but two wayes, either to vtter them, or to conceale them. I am Sir, vnder the King, in some Authority.

Pist. Vnder which King?
Bezonian, speake, or dye.

Shal. Vnder King *Harry*.

Pist. *Harry* the Fourth? or Fift?

Shal. *Harry* the Fourth.

Pist. A footra for thine Office.
Sir *Iohn*, thy tender Lamb-kinne, now is King,
Harry the Fift's the man, I speake the truth.
When Pistoll lyes, do this, and figge-me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal.

Fal. What
Pist. As na
The things I s
Fal. Away
Master *Robert*
In the Land,
With Dignit
Bard. O i
I would not t
Pist. Wha
Fal. Carri
Lord *Shallow*,
Get on thy Bo
Away *Bardolfe*
withall deuise
boote Master
mee, Let vs ta
land are at my
haue beene m
Iustice.
Pist. Let V
Where is the l
Why heere it i

Scena Quinta.

Enter

Hostesse. M
that I might h
shoulder out
Off. The
and shee shall
her. There ha
her.
Dol. Nut
tell thee what
Childe I now
thou had'st st
laine.
Host. O t
this a bloody
of her Womb
Officer. If
againe, you h
both go with
stoll beate a
Dol. Ile te
will haue you
Bottel'd Rog
be not swing
Off. Com
Host. O, t
of sufferance,
Dol. Com
Bring me to a
Host. Yes
Dol. Goo
Host. The
Dol. Com
Come you R
Off. Very

Fal. Sadie my Horse,
choose wi[illegible] choice thou wi[illegible]
Pistol, I will doubt[illegible] chan[illegible]
[illegible]ghthood [illegible] Fortune.
[illegible]ring good newes.
[illegible]lence to be[illegible] Mast[illegible] *Shallow*
[illegible] thou wilt, I am Fortunes S[illegible]
[illegible] I ride all nights. Oh sweet
[illegible] Pistoll, [illegible] more to m[illegible]
[illegible]hing to do thy selfe good.
[illegible] I know the [illegible]ung King is
[illegible]ans Horses: The Lawes
[illegible]nd'ment. Happie are they
[illegible]es: and woe vnto my [illegible]
[illegible] vil'de seize on his L[illegible]
[illegible]re I led, say [illegible]
[illegible]come those pleasant d[illegible]

Scena Quinta.

Enter [illegible] *Quickly, Dol Teare-sheete, and Beadles.*

[illegible] arrant knaue. I wou[illegible]
[illegible] hang'd: Thou h[illegible]
[illegible]ples haue deliuer'd h[illegible]
[illegible]hipping cheere enough, I [illegible]
[illegible]e a man or two (late) kill'd about
[illegible] hooke, but Lye, Come on, Ile
[illegible] damn'd Tripe-visag'd Rascal, [illegible] the
[illegible] do miscarry, thou had'st better
[illegible] Mother, thou Paper-fac[illegible] Vi-
[illegible]laine.
[illegible] *Iohn* were come, hee wou[illegible] make
[illegible] some body. But I would the [illegible] truth
[illegible]ht miscarry.
[illegible] *Officer.* If [illegible] you shall haue a dozen of Cu[illegible]
[illegible] eleuen now. Come, I chal[illegible] you
[illegible] for the man is dead, that you [illegible]
[illegible]stoll beate a[illegible]
[illegible] what, thou thin man? a C[illegible]
[illegible]ndly swinge [illegible] for th[illegible]
[illegible] filthy famish'd Correctioner, if you
[illegible] forsweare half Kirtles.
[illegible]e, you thee Knight-a[illegible]ant, [illegible]me.
[illegible] should thus [illegible]recome mi[illegible] Wel
[illegible]ase.
[illegible]ogue, come:
[illegible] you starv'd Blood-hound.
[illegible]rath, good man Bones.
[illegible]my, thou.
[illegible] thinge Thing.
[illegible] *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter two Groomes.

1. *Groo.* More Rushes, more Rushes.

2. *Groo.* The Trumpets haue sounded twice.

1. *Groo.* It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come from the Coronation. *Exit Groo.*

Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Pistoll, Bardolfe, and Page.

Falstaffe. Stand heere by me, M. *Robert Shallow*, I will make the King do you Grace. I will leere vpon him, as he comes by: and do but marke the countenance that hee will giue me.

Pistol. Blesse thy Lungs, good Knight.

Falst. Come heere *Pistol*, stand behind me. O if I had had time to haue made new Liueries, I would haue bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But it is no matter, this poore shew doth better: this doth inferre the zeale I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Falst. It shewes my earnestnesse in affection.

Pist. It doth so.

Fal. My deuotion.

Pist. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night,
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Not to haue patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certaine.

Fal. But to stand stained with Trauaile, and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all affayres in obliuion, as if there were nothing els to bee done, but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*: for *obsque hoc nihil est*. 'Tis all in euery part.

Shal. 'Tis so indeed.

Pist. My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Liuer, and make thee rage. Thy *Dol*, and *Helen* of thy noble thoghts is in base Durance, and contagious prison: Hall'd thither by most Mechanicall and durty hand. Rowze vppe Reuenge from Ebon den, with fell Alecto's Snake, for *Dol* is in. Pistol, speakes nought but troth.

Fal. I will deliuer her.

Pistol. There roar'd the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour sounds.

The Trumpets sound. Enter King Henrie the Fift, Brothers, Lord Chiefe Iustice.

Falst. Saue thy Grace, King *Hall*, my Royall *Hall*.

Pist. The heauens thee guard, and keepe, most royall Impe of Fame.

Fal. 'Saue thee my sweet Boy.

King. My Lord Chiefe Iustice, speake to that vaine man.

Ch. Iust. Haue you your wits?
Know you what 'tis you speake?

Falst. My King, my Ioue; I speake to thee, my heart.

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers:
How ill white haires become a Foole, and Iester?

I haue